

Athletic Feats on the Moon.

Did you ever get to thinking that you would enjoy a sudden translation from the earth to the moon? If you have, did you ever figure on the wonderful feats of muscular strength with which you could astonish our luminary neighbors, providing gravitation would have no more effect accordingly there than here? Let us figure: The moon only weighs one-eighth part as much as the earth. Gravitation must therefore be correspondingly less. If therefore a man weighed 140 pounds on this earth he would weigh but a fraction over twenty pounds according to the scales used on the moon. If, however, his muscles and frame remained the same as they were before being transferred to our silvery sister world he could "astonish the natives" with his astounding athletic and muscular feats. He would be able to shoulder an elephant of the regulation size and to yank a small mountain out by the roots. The buoyancy of his body would be so great that athletic feats would be easily accomplished. He could run a mile in something less than two seconds or could by a single bound leap over a wall twenty-four feet high without greater exertion than would be required here in clearing one only two feet in height.

Artist Ziem's Queer House.

Ziem, the artist, was a queer character. He lived in a house at the top of the Rue Lepic on Montmartre. His house was his castle in the literal sense of the word. It was difficult to obtain admission, for the painter had an upper window out of which he always looked when the bell rang and interrogated his would be visitors. He had a basket which he let down by a cord to receive packages or messages, and he slept in a wonderful swinging bed. His house was a veritable museum, illuminated Persian manuscripts being part of his collection. Some of these were worth thousands of francs, but it was impossible to persuade him to sell any of them. In place of a novel post on his stairway stood the prow of a gilded gondola, and, closely immured in his studio, he painted pictures of Venice and bade defiance to all who came to disturb his peace.

Virtues of the Old Sod.

On the very rare occasions that snakes have been found in Ireland explanation of the phenomena has always been forthcoming. One was brought in a bundle of shrubs, another in a packing case, and yet another—this time a dead one—was introduced by an English visitor. All have proved of alien extraction. Even science cannot disprove the Irish belief in St. Patrick as a pied piper. Here is an incident illustrative of this belief: A son of Erin emigrated to Australia and quickly made a fortune. He was happy except for one trial—snakes. "Oh, for an Australian St. Patrick!" he moaned. And then came an inspiration. He wired for a load of the soil of old Ireland. Only when he had strewn the precious mold around about his dwelling could he sleep in peace!—London Tribune.

Paint Brushes.

Everybody paints, whether he owns a house in the suburbs or rents a flat in the metropolis. And what troubles the mind most is the disposition of the brushes when the job is partly completed. Some folk leave them in the paint, some wash them in turpentine, some soak them in alcohol, some immerse them in linsed oil. An authority advises all amateur as well as professional painters to drop their brushes into a bucket or bottle of water and forget them. When needed again they will be as soft and pliant as when new. I have tried the trick and can recommend it.—New York Press.

The Houses of Parliament.

The fire which destroyed the old houses of parliament broke out on Oct. 16, 1834. The present building, termed the palace of Westminster, was opened on Nov. 4, 1835. It stands on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick and covers an area of nine statute acres. It contains 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases and two miles of corridors and passages. The great Victoria tower at the southwest extremity is 346 feet in height.—London Standard.

Sharp and Well Set.

The mistress of the house was newly installed and looked it, but she had clearly defined ideas on industrial questions, and when the man who had called her to the door asked for a little something to eat she immediately looked toward the wood pile in the yard.

"Well," she said, "if you will get that ax—"

"Oh, I shan't need that," the man interrupted in a reassuring tone. "My teeth are all right."

Her Dearest Wish.

"Darling," he said, "now that we are married, what is your dearest wish?" She gazed into his eyes with a sweet, confiding look and said: "That you will try to have the jeweler take this engagement ring back so you can get me one with a diamond at least half as large again."

Hewitt—Time waits on no man. Jewett—I guess that's the name of the new waiter at my restaurant.—New York Press.

The Lodge.

From the president of the nation down to the humblest citizen the fascination of grip and password enthralled. It is not that the lodge is a secret organization, though that is a part. It is not that its membership is chosen with caution, though such exclusiveness undoubtedly makes it more eagerly sought. It is not that it gives direct benefits or that it offers protection to the family when the bread earner has departed. Not these things alone make the lodge popular. Greater than these is the desire for social companionship, the love of fellowship, the power of community of interest. Not a substitute for club or church, yet filling a place in men's lives that neither occupies, the lodge has developed the old time guild idea and fitted it to modern conditions and is an institution that exerts a tremendous power in business, in politics and in society. So rapidly does it increase in popularity that it shows little indication of ever yielding less power over men's destinies than it does today.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

Last of the Aristocrats.

"The old French aristocracy dies with me," cried the Princess de Valmont on her deathbed. She was a bitter old soul, who, born of a long line of uncontaminated ancestors and married to a noble of equally superfine strain, had, through her husband's death in financial difficulties, to marry her five children to "abominable persons" of high character, but with the blight of trade or industry in their blood. Her last years were made mournful to her by this pitiful descent, and just before her grandiose last utterance, looking with a bitter smile at her children and grandchildren in tears round her deathbed, she broke silence in the following terrible reflection: "We have here," counting on her fingers, "representatives of carriage making, wholesale grocery, confectionery, coal mining and the stock exchanges, and all grafted on the old tree of the De Valmonts."—New York Herald.

How Would You Like This Butter?

The Moor prepares butter in an original way and gets a different taste from the usual one. Fresh butter ("sibida," as he calls it), as known by us, he despises and uses only for cooking. It must be old if it is to be liked. After it has lain in a hole in the ground for some years and has got a certain appearance it becomes a delicacy. To make butter a goatskin is turned inside out. It is filled with milk, bound tight and tied to a tree. There it is beaten backward and forward till the butter is made. That is why you cannot get butter in Morocco without hairs all through it. The butter is then laid on pieces of wood and the maker goes to sell it. Possible buyers lift the dirty cover, put in their fingers and take out a taste and if the goods do not please close it down again and the salesman pursues his way.

Ingrowing Toe Nails.

It has been found by some that the copious application of dried powdered alum is sufficient to cure most cases of ingrowing toe nails. The applications are not painful, and the inflamed tissue is dried up, and a hard, resistant, non-sensitive bed is formed for the nail. The toe is wrapped in a cloth soaked in soap and water for twenty-four hours beforehand, and then the powdered alum is poured into the space between the nail and its bed, using cotton to keep the alum in place and repeating the application daily. The suppuration, if any exists, rapidly dries up, pain and discomfort are almost immediately relieved, and, the application being repeated for about five days, a cure usually results.

Crushing a Bore.

An Englishman, complimenting Americans on their skill at postprandial oratory, went on to discuss the possibility of boring an audience. He said the severest reproof for a bore which he recollected was that administered by the great Talleyrand while driving with a friend who kept telling him stories. As they passed through the streets of a continental town, which in those days were policed by many sentries, they observed one sentry yawn at his post, and Talleyrand said to his friend: "Hush! We are overheard."

Girl Babies in Lapland.

In Lapland as soon as a girl baby is born and has been duly rolled in the snow—a ceremony which seems to take the place of baptism—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of reindeer, which are branded with her initials and kept apart as her special property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance of making a good match improve.

He Was Polite.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his politest subject. "I will test him," said the king and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king. "A lesser man would have troubled me with ceremony."

Happiness is so fragile that one risks the loss of it by talking of it.—Lemaitre.

Webster Beaten by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the supreme court many years ago, Daniel Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough of West Newton, was a very self possessed witness. Notwithstanding Mr. Webster's repeated efforts to disconcert her she pursued the even tenor of her way until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuffbox, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom and, carrying a deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto, and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

He then asked, "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" "I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty trick," replied the witness. "What was that, ma'am?" "She took snuff!"—Boston Herald.

Pathos in a Name.

A speaker at a Methodist conference told this story, which, he said, was related to him by Bishop Hartzell: "The bishop, while on a southern tour, met a dandy who was the father of sixteen children, the youngest of whom was scarcely out of arms, and on asking him what the youngster's name was received this reply, 'Judas Scariot, sah.' 'You don't mean to tell me that that is really his baptismal name, do you?' asked the bishop. 'Indeed, I do, sah. Ain't dat a Script'ral name?' 'Yes; but do you know who Judas Scariot was?' 'Course I does, sah; but doan de Scripture say it would have been better for Judas Scariot if he had never been borned?' 'Yes; but what has that to do with this poor little chap?' 'Dat's jest it, sah; dat's jest it. It would have been better for dis poor little chap if he had never been borned, and dat's why we calls him Judas Scariot.'—Philadelphia Record.

Lloyd's Historic Bell.

The bell used to insure silence at Lloyd's, in London, when the arrival of an overdue vessel is announced to the anxious underwriters is of naval origin. It belonged to the Lutine, which was wrecked near the Zuyder Zee toward the end of the eighteenth century, when England was at war with Holland. As it was customary in those days to send bullion and specie by men-of-war, the Lutine carried a valuable consignment of specie, and the underwriters at Lloyd's were able to arrange with the Dutch government to salvage the cargo and recoup themselves for their loss on insurance. Over £50,000 was recovered, and among other relics brought to shore was the Lutine's bell, to ring out good cheer for anxious underwriters who hear the safe arrival proclaimed by Lloyd's crier as silence follows the ringing of the bell.

Leather and Shoes.

The leather that makes the most comfortable shoes and the most lasting as well is the old fashioned tan bark cow leather, greased good and hard every Saturday with tallow fat. Oil is the life of leather, and a shoe should be oiled at least twice a month, as it readily evaporates. The man who walks a great deal should change his shoes every other day if he can afford it, and he should make some sacrifice to do it, as the benefit to his feet will be immeasurable. Shoes should fit the feet well and snugly. The feet should be the last part of a man's anatomy to tire from walking, and they won't if the proper care is taken of them.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Gigantic Spanish Palace.

The "eighth wonder," as it is usually called, is the gigantic palace of the Escurial, which stands in the ancient kingdom of Toledo, Spain. It is confessedly the most wonderful edifice in the world, whether in dimensions or riches. It has 1,800 rooms, 6,200 windows and doors, 80 staircases, 73 fountains, 48 wine cellars, 8 organs and 51 bells. Its circumference is 2,800 feet, or almost exactly a half mile. It was dedicated to St. Lorenzo, the saint who is said to have been broiled on a gridiron, and on that account its foundations were laid off in imitation of the shape of that kind of a piece of kitchen utensil.

Silhouette.

Silhouette was the name of a French minister who endeavored to raise the revenues by taxing the nobility. In consequence he became very unpopular, and, the fashion of profiles in black coming in about the same time, they were called in derision silhouettes, the nobility claiming that they had their portraits done in black because they were too poor to have a full picture taken.

A Snob.

Thackeray designated a snob as a being on a ladder who is quite as ready to kiss the feet of him who is above him as to kick the head of him who is below.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.—Chesterfield.

Moliere, Scott and Homer.

"As Moliere never had the heart to draw a jealous woman among all his pictures of men who knew, like himself, the torments of jealousy, so Scott never had the heart to draw a young and beautiful woman who is wicked," writes Andrew Lang. "This ancient familiar source of poignant interest he passes by, out of his great chivalry. There was nothing to prevent him from writing a romance on the passionate, wretched tale of the once beautiful Ulicia in 'Ivanhoe,' a fair traitress driven on the winds of revenge, treachery and parricide. Here was a theme for a realistic novel of England after the conquest, but Scott sketches it lightly as a Thyrcean horror in the background. In his work such a piece of 'realism' stands alone, like the story of Phoenix in Homer's work (in the ninth book of the 'Iliad'). Both artists, Scott and Homer, had a sense of reverence for human things. They did not lack the imagination necessary for the portrayal of the evil and terrible, but they did not seek success in that popular region."

Huxley and Lewes.

Here is an anecdote once related by Herbert Spencer—who, by the way, was rather heavy in hand when he undertook to play story teller. Apropos of Huxley's humor he described a dinner of distinguished authors: Over their cigarettes they fell to discussing their various methods of commencing to write. One said he wrote and wrote, tore up, then wrote again, and so on. George Lewes, who was present, looked surprised, and then cried out: "Oh, I'm not like that! I commence to write at once, directly the pen is in my hand. In fact, I boil at a low temperature." "Indeed," cut in Mr. Huxley, "that is very interesting, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region." Lewes himself was the first to lead the shout of laughter which of course greeted this clever repartee.

The Trap Shot.

Trap shooting has made America a land of straight shooters, and no country in the world can compare with the United States in shooting. Gun clubs in America are directly responsible for that reputation which Uncle Sam so proudly bears. By constant practice at inanimate targets the American unconsciously prepares himself for his country's call to arms. Gun clubs are really the outcome of the abundance of live game in America. The average business man loves to tread the woods in search of live game, but usually his time to go on these hunting trips is limited to perhaps once a year, and during the interval he has lost his "shooting eye." He needed practice to keep his eye keyed up properly, and in order to get practice at home during spare moments he organized the gun club, where between hours he could get all the practice he needed—Recreation.

Moated Houses in England.

Helmingham Hall is the seat of Lord Tollermeche in Suffolk, about eight miles from Ipswich. The existing drawbridge has been raised every night for the past 300 years, and the present owner does not allow the custom to become obsolete. Another fine example of a moated house is Leeds castle, about three miles southeast of Maidstone, in Kent, which, surrounded by its moat, forms almost a lake crossed by a single bridge. There is a fine moat at Wells, in Somersetshire, where the episcopal palace, an ancient castellated mansion, is surrounded with walls enclosing nearly seven acres of ground. This moat is supplied with water from St. Andrew's well.—London Standard.

Dissipated Elements.

In the disintegration of radium by the giving off of helium the amount of energy set free is 1,000,000,000 great calories for one gram of radium. Now to reconstruct the dissipated elements would require as much energy as was lost in their dissipation, and this explains the hopelessness of their synthesis, as no such amount of energy can be employed. How were these elements first constructed? That is a question for the students. A German physicist, W. Meigen, suggests that the dissipation of elements is an actually irreversible process, like the dissipation of heat.—Independent.

Ants' Eggs.

Ants' eggs are considered a choice dish in some countries. They are spread upon a slice of bread and butter, and sauces considered excellent are made with them. They are esteemed as a costly food in Siam, within the reach only of well to do people. They are the object of an important trade in some countries of northern Europe, where they are cooked in boiling water and yield a kind of vinegar or formic acid.

By Heart.

Gladys—How is it one never forgets a love affair? Aggie—Because that is something you always learn by heart.—Illustrated Bits.

There is only one sort of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.—La Rochefoucauld.

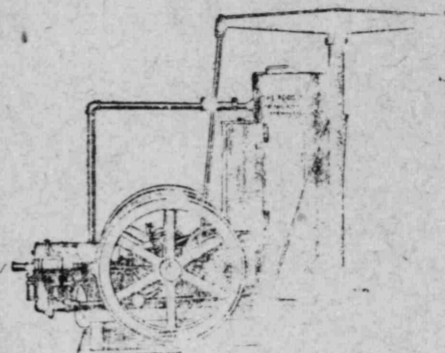
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—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Thomas Hawkins, &c. - - Plaintiffs
Vs.—Notice of Sale.
Lizzie Johnson, &c., - - Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale made and entered in the above styled cause at the June term, 1906, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on

Saturday, August 25, 1906,

on the public square in Paris, Bourbon County, Kentucky, at about the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate:

A lot of land situated in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on the Paris and Clintonville turnpike, it being a part of Sid Clay farm and about seven miles from the town of Paris and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a corner to Simon Frazier and John Ashurst and running N. 23° E. 4.88 poles to a stake in John Ashurst's line, then N. 75° W. 24.84 poles to the center of the turnpike; then S. 16° W. 6.52 poles to the corner of Simon Frazier in the middle of pike; then S. 78° E. 28.16 poles to the beginning, containing about one acre.

Said sale will be made upon a credit of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good surety, payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from date of sale until paid; said bonds to have the force and effect of judgments.

The interests of the infant defendants, Lizzie Johnson and Claude Evans, being one undivided one-sixteenth each of said land and the interests of the infant defendants, Hattie Moore, Charles Moore, Lucy Moore, Ida Moore and Frank Moore, being one undivided one-thirty-second each of said land, shall not be paid by the purchaser but shall remain a lien on said land bearing interest until said infants become of age or until the guardians of said infants execute bonds as required by the 493rd Section of the Civil Code of practice.

Witness my hand this 9th day of August, 1906.
RUSSELL MANN, M. C. B. C. C.
C. A. McMillan, Attorney. 10-17-24

WM. KENNEY. W. K. DUDLEY.

Drs. Kenney & Dudley,

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1:30 to 3 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

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